Real Life Love Romance Of "the Forgotten Astor"

Death of Henry Astor Closes Last Chapter in Story of Rich Society Man Who Married Daughter of His Father's Gardener, Was Spurned by His Family, Lived Life of Seclusion From His Old Friends, but Found Real Happiness With the Woman of His Choice.

By Robert Welles Ritchie

was called "the forgotten Astor"—this Henry Astor, last of a past generation of his line, who died last Friday, full of years, on his estate neav West Copake, Columbia County, N. Y. This appellative would seem to carry with it a tincture of sympathy,

aseif to be an Astor of the Astors and to be forgotten were a conjunction personal spelling heavy

What philosopher would be bold

and an opera box in the Metropoll-

called "Henry" by the blacksmith and

the cider mill man and to go down the

short hill toward the sunset with a

Consider the career of this man who,

flead at eighty-seven, is revealed as

one who preferred to make his own

He was the sixth child of William

founded the line. He was born to an

inheritance of at least \$25,000,000 - con-

with a twisted smile on his lips.

elf without a crown.

fileir great wealth.

wife's hand clasped in a husband's?

trag dy. The world learned at his passing that there had been an Astor who had been cast off by the rest of his family long years ago and had struggled through a life of many years without once getting his name in America's Almanach de Gotha of the aristocracy of wealth. The world learned this and shook its head in surface sympathy. "Poor old fellow," quoth the

world's wife. "He an Astor and ouried up there in the country all is life, with nobody ever to hear

Only Henry Astor could have known whether he, the man whom his kin discarded because he "married beneath him" many, many years igo, was the happier because he elected to live in Arcadian simplicity close to the racy soil and in the simple democracy of a rural neighborhood rather than be bound by the chackles wealth had forged about the necks of his brethren.

enough to say that when Henry Astor exchanged the starched formalism of Astor interests father nor brothers ociety and matrimonial conventions could uproot. William B. Astor, In insusured by the dollar mark for the 1834, had set aside a fund in trust for real love of a woman and life in a his son Henry which he himself could green country, where holly blooms not now destroy. This fund drew its freshly and the smell of growing corn revenues from certain parcels of real ladens the mornings, he became the estate in New York-119 all toldweer? Better a palace in the Riviera among them the solid block bounded by Breadway, Eighth Avenue, 45th fan's "diamond horseshoe" or to be and 46th Streets.

The increment from this trust fund amounted-so it was estimated a few years ago-to something like \$5,000 a week. Henry Astor, disinherited, was still a very wealthy man

The outcast son went to West Copake, which is in the Berkshires very life and not be the slave of wealth to near the New York-Connecticut-Massachusetts lines, and four miles from B. Astor, himself son of that John tain fruitful acres. There he started to build a house Jacob Astor, German fur trapper, who

It was a very big house-broad and roomy and filled with dim receases sidered a monstrous fortune in those where heat could not penetrate in sumdays. His early life was very like the mer. Neighbors came in to help him build it actually to participate with and William. He received a bread the six-foot, broad shouldered man reducation, became familiar with Euplace in New York society, where the thought Henry Astor was a pauper. Abtors already held sway through but they knew already he had a great heart and they turned in with a will Mid-Victorian drawing rooms and to help him.

the ball rooms of London and New When the Big House, as West York did not carry a strong appeal for Copake still calls this relic of the young Henry. He had an analytical French Mansard school of architecmind, and this instrument was prone ture, was completed Henry Astor to dissect and scrutinize the sham and moved in with his bride and began the the pretense that was builded on a comfortable life of a country gentlepedestal of wealth alone. His father man. Neighbors began to wonder if and brothers noted a growing cyni. Henry really were "dead broke" after cism on Henry's part-a proneness to all. Henry smiled deep in his board take the life to which he was born and said not a word.

Happiness seemed to be his. He Scheming mammas tried to throw was a great funcier of horse flesh and the rope over the head of this fractions he bought a span of racing trotters. young colt and insure a brilliant mar- The countryside became accurtomed riage for their darlings. Henry Astor to the aight of Henry so he was penetrated every artifice and dodged called by everyone leaning over the He was painfully con- spider shafts of his sulky and tooling actous that there could be no flesh- his fast blacks, his heard streaming and-blood love match for him among like a comet's tail over his shoulders.

the simpering debutantes in hosp. He built a trotting course on his wn farm and invited owners of Twice he broke away from this speedy horses to come and race matrimonial branding pen and took a against his blacks. At every county trip around the world. But each time fair Henry Astor was there with eawhen he returned he discovered that tries, and many a purse did he hang , his inheritance had saddled an obliga-tion upon him; it was to marry some plunge on. girl considered "nt" to assume the plunge on.

Astor crown and perpetuate a line of English country squire, racy of the His father's estate at Red Hook, soil, full rounded and complete in N. Y., interested the insurgent; he itself. No, not quite complete in went there to take up his residence as itself; for the woman he had married manager. And there he met and came siways played a leading part in that te love Malvina Dinehart, the rosy life. Hetween the millionaire who cheeked daughter of his father's head had been a crown prince of American money royalty and the country Of simple peasant stock was Mai. girl there remained until the day last vina Dinehart-strong of body, simple week when Henry Astor died an abidis mind and with the primitive im- ing affection, deeper than any other

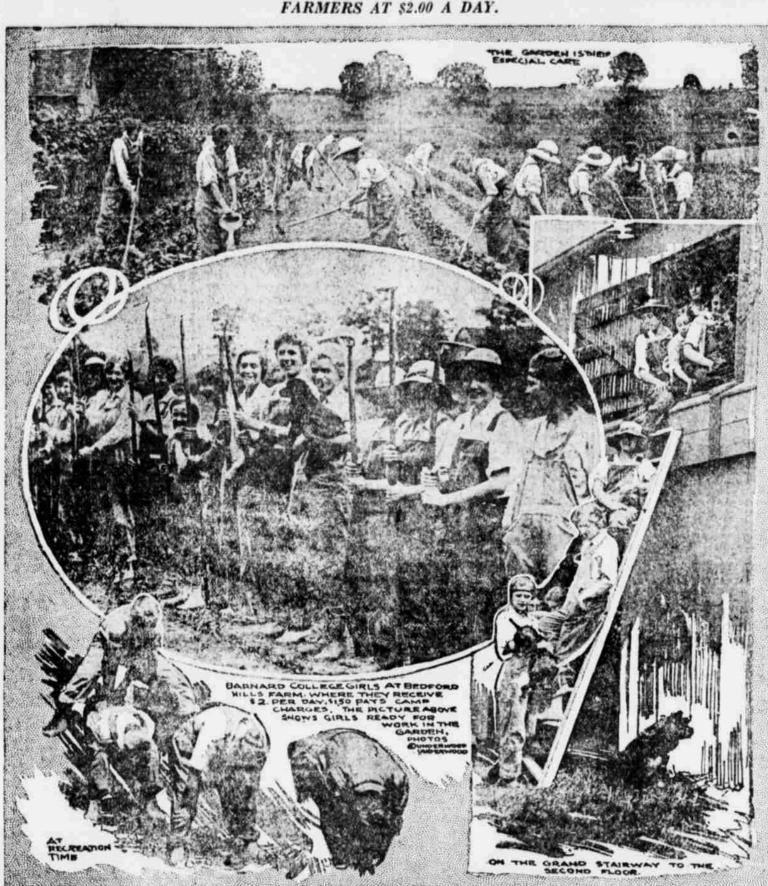
pulse to give all her love to a mate roots of the man's life. Without saying "by your leave" to any He had but two eccentricities, of of his family, Henry Astor married which Columbia County folk are talking to-day. For years he would His father, in a great fury, cut him not read a newspaper, lest he should B-disowned him in a violent scene see the name of Astor biazoned in its which Henry Aster never forgot. His headlines and have recalled to him

brothers followed the paternal lead the buried past. and forgot that Henry ever had ex- He had a mania for collecting siltsted. In a day this prince of an ver half dollars. It is said the garmerican line of fortune kings found ret in the Big House is stacked with boxes and barrels of them.



Outlived World's Memory Barnard Girls Helping Uncle Sam as "Farmerettes"

THEY DON OVERALLS AT THEIR CAMP IN BEDFORD HILLS, N. Y., AND WORK FOR NEIGHBORING



Loaferettes

New York and New Jersey Anti-Bumming Laws Unfair Because Aimed at Baritone Hoboes Exclusively, Providing No Penalties for Soprano Idlers-Rolling Cigarettes Will Help Win War as Much as Powdering Noses-If Loafer Who Plays Two Pairs Against Three Kings Is a Bum, So Is the Frail Who Bids a Bridge Whist Hand Wrong-Girls Have the Vote, Why Not the Work?

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER.

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) TOT since William Tell mitted his bow and arrow and shot all the huckleberries out of a pie without disturbing the crust has such a stylish furore been established. Everybody is getting steamed up. Billhelm is aiming his Zepps and his Zubbs at New York. Of course a Zepp won't annoy anybody who has ever been kicked by a Jersey mosquito. And we have so many things in our drinking water now that a few Zubbs won't make much difference. That isn't what everybody is getting cooked up over. It's this antibumming law. It's getting so that a gent who makes his living by the sweat of some other gent's brow is considered a loafer by our

best considerers. When New York and New Jersey crocheted that work law they swung one from their bip pockets that landed right on the berzer of every baritone hobo in the tournament. From now on the motto of New York and fringes is E Pluribus Workus. You're considered a blooming dilletante unless you have a sledgehammer in each hand, one behind each ear and four more coming in the next parcel post.

Work is no new melody to the most of us. The reason why we are wearing our noses very close to the grindstone ain't because we are nearsighted. Work is about the only thing we ever inherit from our fathers. So that new law won't affect us any more than rain affects a mallard's shoulderblades. You can't crowd two horses into one hopes collar. We have been working ever since some smooth guy with a rough conscience bought Manhattan from a poor Indian. The price was twenty-seven from men. History says that the Injunwas bliked. If that is true, that injun was the first real estate agent who was ever trimmed. And also the lust.

But it wasn't true. While scalping his front lawn with a borrowed lawn mower a fourth-class postmaster in Jazaba County stubbed his form-fitting shoes against a granite slab. On this slab was some Injun gossip in business college shorthand which gummed the whole yarn. It seems that the Indian sold Manhattan for twentyseven ducats all right. But the rascal didn't own it in the first place. He was a Mexican Tamale Indian who was visiting his East-

ern wife. He saw a chance to pick up some easy velvet, and not only sold Manhattan for twenty-seven seeds but also tossed in the moon and the subway pickpocket privileges.

Which flattens that old myth and removes a stain from the fair name of Manhattan real estate agents. Nothing like killing two birds with one pebble and starting two Fords with one crank.

But, getting back to the old work stuff, why don't the law knitters pick on the ladies once in a while? All these work laws are aimed at the men. Where there are loafers there are loafcrettes,

If the millionaire who bruises ceilings with champagne corks is a loafer, so is Mrs. Millionaire. If the guy who gets bald from wearing silk hats is a bum, so is the frall who thinks that fox trotting will make the world and Sullivan County safe for democracy. If the lad who wears a seven-belted coat is a drone, so is the lady who does all her shopping at Jazzenwebber's. You might as well separate the sheep from the goats, even if you don't care for mutton. If the baritone who stakes two small pair against three kinks is a bum, so is the soprane person who bids a bridge whist hand wrong.

So far as that work law is concerned, there shouldn't be any bombproof shelters for anybody. Rolling eigarettes will help as much to win the war as powdering noses.

The girls have the vote, why not the work?

The feminine of loafer is leaferette,

The woolly-headed Uncle Rasmus was

RASMUS NOT ASHAMED OF HIS plained, and they had a perfect right land, became involved in war with iron an army of about 50,000 fanati-REAL RELIGION.

coused of disturbing the peace. Offier Mort Rudolph explained it as fol- coming conduct" his Honor demanded. "Your Honor, this man was running "Religion, Jedge," was the response.
"Your Honor, this man was running "Religion! Are you a Holy Roller, or up and down the Mill River Road, way something like that? I have religion, ing his arms and yelling at the top of his vater, and otherwise raising the mischief, at half-past one in the morning. The people of that district com-ob mine."—Case and Comment.

Something like that? I have religion, the British army, and while on duty bandit Raisuli and held a prisoner, in Gibraltar visited Malta, where he mischief, at half-past one in the morning. The people of that district com-ob mine."—Case and Comment.

The Judge frowned at Rasmus, the Duni Monarchy. who didn't seem to be particularly wor-

this band, and, like nearly every other member, he has made the ultimate sacrifice. He longed to lead a United States Army aero corps in the western theatre of war, but he was killed in an unequal struggle against two German

planes just before our formal opening of hostilities. He was over there before the Allies had been fighting six months, going from Carthage, N. C., to drive an American ambulance in the Vosges and win the Croix de Guerre. Even at that post, according to his own naive admission, he felt like an "embusque," a shirker, and he was one of the first Americans to enter the French flying service, where he fought loyally and successfully

MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1918

Viewed From an Airplane;

Picture of Dante's "Inferno"

Vivid Bird-Man's Eye View of Great Verdun Fight Described

in Book Written by James R. McConnell, Lafayette

Escadrille Pilot, Who Was Killed in Air Fight

Against Two German Warplanes.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

-has given a memorable description of the great struggle at Verdun as

watched from his fighting aeropiane, in his personal story of the war,

The book is brief, but it should be read for two

reasons-its vision of Verdun from a sea of clouds and

its finely intimate pictures of Kiffin Rockwell, Vic-

tor Chapman, Raoul Lufbery, Norman Prince and

others of the splendid band of American adventurers

who were our vanguard in the world struggle for lib-

erty and democracy. Sergt. McConnell himself was of

ANTE'S HELL-that, in two words, is a battlefield of the Great We as seen from above by those who fly, like the ancient Valkyrs, above

the slain. One who himself no longer speaks from the living-James R. McConnell, volunteer Sergeant-Pilot of the Larayette Escadrille

He saw his first active service in a fighting Nieuport at Verdun, where he flew daily, when the weather per- guard these machines from Germans mitted. "Immediately east and north leager to swoop down on their backs of Verdun there lies a broad, brown Sailing about high above a busy flock band," he writes in Flying for France. of them makes one feel like an old "From the Woevre plain it runs west- | tnother hen protecting her chicks. ward to the 'S' bend in the Meuse, and on the left bank of that famous are lacking. Where the battle has stream continues on into the Ar- raged there is a broad, browned band. gonne forest. Peaceful fields and Trees, houses and even roads have farms and villages adorned that been blasted completely away. The landscape a few months ago-when shell holes are so numerous that they there was no Battle of Verdun.

'Flying for France.'

Now there is only that sinister separately seen. brown belt, a strip of murdered naone shell crater, as one can on the I look down. pockmarked fields on either side. On the brown band the indentations are enter enemy territory to the accomso closely interlocked that they blend paniment of an anti-alroraft caninto a confused mass of troubled nonade," Sergt. McConnell continues. earth. Of the tremches only broken, "Most of the shots are wild, however, half obliterated links are visible.

"Columns of muddy smoke spurt up When the shrapnel comes uncomontinually as high explosives tear fortably closs, one shifts position deeper into this nicered area. During slightly to evade the range. The only heavy bombardment and attacks I shooting we hear is the tut-tut-tut have seen shells falling like rain. The of our own or enemy plane machine countless towers of smoke remind one guns when fighting is at close quartombs of the arch-heretics in Dante's bullets from theirs. 'hell.' A smoky pall covers the sector under fire, rising so high that at a keeping German airmen away from height of 1,000 feet one is enveloped our lines, and in attacking them when in its mist-like fumes. Now and then opportunity offers. One glances up monster projectiles hurtling through to see if there is another machine the air close by leave one's plane rock- higher than one's own. Low and far ing violently in their wake. Airplanes within the German lines are several have been cut in two by them.

bursting shells, are all we see of the their own country. fighting. It is a weird combination "The bothes keep well within their of stillness and havor, the Verdun lines, save occasionally," Sergt. Moconflict viewed from the sky.

range-finding planes circle over the go over and fight them there. The trenches like gliding guils. At a only way to do is to sneak up on feeble altitude they follow the attack- them. Though there is a large numing infantrymen and flash back wire- ber of expert German airmen, I do less reports of the engagement. Only not believe the average Teuten through them can communication be makes as good a flier as a Frenchmaintained when, under the barrier man, Englishman or American." fire, wires from the front lines are "Flying for France" is published

"Sometimes it falls to our lot te

blend into one another and cannot be

"It looks as if shells fell by the ture. It seems to belong to another thousand every second. There are world. Every sign of humanity has spurts of smoke at nearly every foot been swept away. The woods and of the brown areas, and a thick pall of roads have vanished like chalk wiped mist covers it all. There are but from a blackboard; of the villages holes where the trenches ran, and nothing remains but gray smears when one thinks of the poor devils where stone walls have tumbled to- crouching in their inadequate chelters gether. The great forts of Douau- under such a hurricane of flying metal nont and Vaux are outlined faintly, it increases one's respect for the staylike the tracings of a finger in wet ing powers of modern man. It's terrisand. One cannot distinguish any ble to watch, and I feel sad every time

> "We traverse the brown band and and we pay little attention to them

"Principally our work consists of enemy planes, a dull white in appear-"For us the battle passes in silence, ance, resembling sand files against the noise of one's motor deadening all the mottled earth. High above them other sounds. In the green patches one glimpses the mosquito-like forms behind the brown belt myriads of tiny of two Fokkers. We approach the nashes tell where the guns are hidden; enemy machines ahead, only to find and those flashes, and the smoke of them slanting at a rapid rate into

Connell significantly records, at the "Far below us, the observation and end of his book, "and we have to

by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Kaid" Maclean, Soldier of Fortune, Now Believed Dead

modern soldiers of fortune, the position of instructor of his army end under a cloud, and may already tan's bodyguard. From that time on, have ended in his death. This Scotch and for thirty years after, "Kaid" adventurer, once the actual ruler of Maclean was promisent in Moroccan Morocco, and later an object of keen affairs. interest throughout the world when He quickly grose to be Commanderhe was held for ransom by the bandit in-Chief of the army, and for years Raisuli, afterward made his home in wielded an influence second only to Austria. There he looked on in that of the Sultan himself. An "in-silence when Great Britain, his native fidel" Scot, he ruled with a rod of

"Kaid," whose name otherwise is Sir ruler of Morocco, although Mulai's What do you mean by such unbe- Harry Aubrey de Maclean, E. C. M. son was the nominal head of the gov. what do you mean by some undermarry Audrey de Maclean, R. C. M.
coming conduct" his Honor demanded.
"Religion, Jedge." was the response.
Religion! Are you a Holy Roller, or
comething like that? I have religion.

The "Kaid," If he is still living, is seventy years old. As a lad he entered
July, 1907, he was captured by

THE career of one of the greatest pressed by Maclean and officed him "Kaid" Maclean, draws to an with the rank of Colonel in the Sul-

eat, Christian-hating Moslems, When The story of the adventures of the Mulat died Maciean became the real

